SOME NEW BOOKS.

Beinrich Meine.

One of the most charming products of the book season is the Life, Work, and Opinious of Hemrich Heine, by WILLIAM STIGAND (J. W.

It was the great task of my life to labor at a hearty understanding between Germany and France," was the declaration of Heine in his Events have made this effort a failure But, in an intellectual sense, it cannot be said to have been so, and certainly no other man was so well fitted to schieve it. To Teutonic linurination, sensibility, and humor, Heine united an amount of espeif which makes him brilliant among the most brilliant of Frenchmen. True, his peculiar German wit has a strong flavor of the Hebrate race to which be belonged; but he and his ancestors, as Stigand pleasantly tells us, passed their youth in the air of Germany, and were reared on wurst and sauerkraut, so that he is as much a Germanta a canvas-back is an American bird or a potato

is an Irish vogetable. But whatever clse he may have been, Heine is admitted by the highest intellectual authority to be one of the most remarkable men of the age: no echo, but an original voice, and therefore, like all genuine things, worth studying; a surpassing lyric poet who has uttored our feelings in delicious song; a humorist who touches folly with the magic wand of fancy, and transmutes it into the gold of art; a wit who held in his mighty hand the most scorehing lightnings has an end. You will one day find the booth of satire; an artist who has shown the possible ities of German prose, and a lover of freedom who has always spoken wise, brave words on behalf of his fellow men. Moreover, he appeals to the feelings and intellectual interest as one who had to suffer much, and, with all the highly wrought sensibility of genius, to endure the

He was born in Dusseldorf Dec. 12, 1799. We have in his "Reisentider" many recollections of the old town in which he passed his childhood, and where, on the banks of the levely etream that passes by it, as he writes, folly grows on the green hills, and in autumn is plucked, pressed, poured into casks, and sent into foreign lands. As he grew up he was transferred from this Inspiring region to Ber lin, where he became one of a circle which assembled at the house of the poet, Elise von Hohenbausen, the translator of Evrot. Heine especially studied Byron, of whom he declared that he excited in him the most intolerable emotion, and whom in many of his mental characteristics he resembled at that time in his life. Heine is pictured as a small, blond, pale young man, having, with quiet, gentle manners. intent powers of ridicule and sarcasm-the terrible talons that were one day to be thrust out from the velvet paw of the young loopard.

It was at this time in Berlin that he abandoned. like Discaell the faith of Israel and became a member of the Lutheran Church. He would doubtless have remained a Hebrew if the authorities had not forbidden residence in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, to every one who did not belong to one of the positive religious recognized by the State. As he then wrote, with the germ of his rich after wit: "As Henri once laughingly said, 'Paris van bien une messe,' so I might with reason Beelin vant bien une prechet und I could afterward, as before, accommdate myself to the very enlightened Christianity, flitrated from all superstition which could then be had in the charches of Berlin, and which was even free from the divinity of Christ, like turtle soup without

In Barlin, in Gottingen, where he completed his law studies, in Hamburg, where he settled as an advocate, he does not seem to have been anything of a lion. The blond young man stumbled along the streets with the brim of his hat drawn over his nose, his coat flying open, and his hands stuck in his trousers pockets, appearing to have as little regard for those around him as they for him. Nor does he seem, from what Stigand tells us, though several of his poems had then been published, to have been troubled with much flattery. Perhaps the Hamburg here acted in the spirit of Johnson's advice to Hannah Moore-to" consider what her flattery was worth before she choked him

with it. It was in these days, too, that he paid the visit to Goethe of which he gives a little picture too charming to withhold: "When I visited him at Walmer and stood before him I involuntarily glancol at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him: but as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe if I ever saw him; and when I saw him at last, I said to him that the Saxon

plums were very good! And Goethe smiled," Heins had a special dislike, as had many other brilliant men, including Byron, to England and the English. He had a natural and instinctive antipathy, which residence only heightened and which grew with his growth. He calls the English language the "hiss of egoism," and ridicules with merciless satire English materialism and clumsiness as lite. rary Englishmen have endeavored at a distance to ridicule German awkwardness and phlegm.

tener of content and the content penals. But recard to the English momentum return penals. But recard to the English momentum discretization in the lines for force the key which the same of content and the lines for force the key with model many who destinguished the same things the lines of lines of the lines of lin one. I am figure converge of the California our lands a more pleasing aight for the Divinity the

We find him next in Paris pursuing the object he had proposed to himself in life-the bringing about a hearty understanding between Germany and France. With this in view, he sends to the great German journal, the Allge meine Zeilung, a series of brilliant and witty commentaries on public men and public events. Louis Pailippe Casimir, Perier, Tolers, Guizet, Rothschild, the Catholic party, the Socialist party, have their turn of satire and appreciation. Literature and art alternate with politics in this delightful work of Stigand. We have now a sketch of George Rand, or a description. In the death of the victim. of one of Horace Vernet's pictures; now a criticism of Victor Hugo er of Liest; now a caricature of Spontini or Halkbronner, or a bitter surenam on Meyorheer, whose musical is by not a few accounted one of the grories of powers he depreciates and despises as he worships the genius of Boethoven and Mozartall relieved by the most original sayings and finished off with that airy lightness and precision of touch which belong to Heine, so much of the Gallie element in his veins it may easily be immained how brightly went his hours of intellectual activity and social enjoyment in Paris. Speaking of It swit is a perpetual gusbing fountsin. He throws off the most delicious descriptions with unnating famility and abstehes the most comic baracters in conversation." His thoughts all through the second volume of this work wander, now with the wildest, most fantastic humor, now with the finest plying sensibility, com postry to politics, from criticism to dreamy reverse, blending fun, imagination tion, and satire in an exputate evervarying shipmon like the lines of the opal

datesu years, Aven 1831 to 1847, Heine lived this brilliant life, to be found only in Pa- healthy individual can bear. It is certain, on spise Locke, said Schelling, and his adversary ris. Then stole on the days of daraness-long. dreary, terrible days. In 1847 he first feet the quent relapses where a cure is attempted by | wrote: "You can well suppose how such an approach of the disease walch chained him for | gradual reduction of doses and by the substiseven years to a bed of suffering. Of the last tution of other stimulants. It would seem that of French sulture so entirely opposed to ours time be contracted doing. May take he passed anger of a return to the outurn make do and arrivens here suddenly from the contract moneyly tells as: "With him of things I erouses with each year each month, each day smother sort of world, must be in contrast with

feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The Goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time lisconsolate, as if she would say: 'Dost thou not see, then, that I have no erms, and thus

cannot help thee?" Thenceforward this post, whom the lovellness of nature haunted like a passion, was not permitted to gaze upon her face. His sufferings were intense. The sight of one eye went, and he could only raise the lid of the other by liftng it with his finger. Still, through all he kept his mental vigor, his poetic imagination, and incisive wit. Most plaintive is his own descripion of his condition: " Do I really exist? My dy is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice, and my bed reminds me of the sing ing grave of the magician, Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brageliens, in Brittany, under tall oaks, whose tops soar like green flames, toward heaven, Alas! I envy thee those trees and the fresh breeze that moves their branches, Brother Merlin, for no green leaf rustles about my mattress grave Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rolling of vehicles, hammering, quarrelifug, and plane strumming. A grave with ont ranges death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write ueither letters nor books-that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been for my coffin and for my necrology, but I die so slowly that the process is tedious for me as well

losed where the puppet show of my humor has so often delighted you." Heine's name belongs to the literature of Europe. Many a page of modern political satire as has been truly said, rests upon a phrase of his; many a poem, many a stanza, germinates from a single line of his. The forms of wit he nvented are used by those who never heard his name. The personal tragedy of his last years adds a solemn chapter to the chronicle of the disasters of genius, and the recollection of the living shade of the Champs Erysées tingewith melancholy thought the brightest and liveliest of his writings.

Drugs that Enslave.

A timely and useful contribution to popuar medical literature has been published by Blakiston under the title of Drugs that Enslave. a discussion of the oplum, morphine, chloral, and hashessh habits, by Dr. H. H. KANE. This book presents, in a concise vot comprehensive form the rinest results of medical observation and conclusion touching the symptoms and treatment of the three dangerous but widespread habits first enumerated. How rapidly the consumption of opium is increasing in the United States may be inferred from the fact that the mount imported through the New York Custom House rose from 315,000 pounds in 1871 to 533,000 in 1880. In a single city containing a population of 91,000 there is an average annual sale of 206 grains of opium and more than 24 grains of morphia to every inhabitant, As regards the use of chieral hydrate, on the other hand, although its effects are frequently leleterious and sometimes fatal, it is not so liable to be followed by a morbid craving, and the habit of taking the drug, once formed, is, in the majority of instances, broken without great difficulty. The desire for hasheesh, on the other hand, like that for alcohol, is apt to re-main latent in the system of the patient and to crop out at odd times and under peculiar circumstances.

Dr. Kane has no doubt that the sub-cutaneous use of morphine has, of late years, become greatly extended. He considers two classes of persons especially biamable for this, viz., phy sicians and druggists. When the hypodermic avringe was first introduced, the danger of con tracting the morphine habit through its frequent use was not recognized. But at the pres ent time when the temptation to apply a narcotic in this way is observed to prove, in many cases, irresistible, Dr. Kone considers that the medical profession would svince criminal careleasness by placing the instrument in the hands of patients for self-application. Unquestionably the deaths and dangerous accidents from the spread of the opium habit are largely chargeable upon the druggists who, in many instances, sell the drug without a physician's prescription, in direct violation of the law. Chloral, also, is illegally sold to men just recovering from a spree, the druggist himself often prescribing a potassium for repentant drunkards, or for pathat the laws relating to the sale of poisons are loose and inefficient, the practice rotten, and the statute really a dead letter.

luction of Roseasaes, dure to care resuless in in-

dirty or over-seld solution, or to a low condition of the general system, predisposing to suppuration. Dr. Kane says he never saw but one abitual taker of the drug by this means who had a clean solution of morphia, and this was made up fresh every day by the patient himself. The majority of those who use the syringe are hadly scarred. In the case of one patient of the author's, a young married indy, all the skin covered by her dress was scarred, contracted, and discolored as though she had been badly burned and then pricked all over with India ink. Ulcers and cysts are sometimes met with, and isolated patenes of erysipelas, inflammation, and gangrene are found in a few instances. The alarming symptoms which sometimes follow immedistely upon the sub-cutaneous injections of even moderate doses of morphia have sometimes been ascribed to the intection of a bubble of air into a vein, but should probably be attributed to the entrance of the needle into a vein, with the consequent abrupt passage of the drug into the circulation. A physician in the South, who is himstave to this hubit. to Dr. Kane that several times he had been unortunate enough to puncture a vein, and introduce some of the solution directly into it. Junmediately he experienced a peculiar tingling all over his body, and the skin of his head left as if a myriad of pins were penetrating it. This feeling was followed by a turgescence of the vessels of the brain, causing a great fulness and throbbing. In another case, intense con-gestion was at once produced, the face swelling so rapidly that in five minutes all traces of the natural features were last. We may add that, in some instances, letanus has followed the use of rusty needles, in one case resulting

Bartholow, in a treatise on the hypodermic method quoted by Dr. Kane, points out that the introduction of sub-cutaneous injections, which modern therapeuties, has placed in the hands of man a means of intextration more seductive than any which has heretofore contributed to his craving for narcotic stimulation. So commen now is the habitual use of the hypothermisyringe, and so enslaving is the appetite for norphine when contracted in this way, that Bartholow thinks it may be questioned whether the world has been the gainer or the leser by the discovery of sub-cutaneous medication. For every remote village has its slave to the hypodermie syringe; and in the larger cities, not only invalids condemned to a life of constant | her coming with considerable anti-French preretirement, but men in business and in professions, and ladies immersed in the gayeties of | was at Jenn, that "Mme, de Stadies at Frankfort, social life, are alike bound to a habit which, in | and we may expect to see her soon. Provided their sober hours, they loathe, but whose chains she understands Gorman, we may enjoy her they are powerless to break.

Dr. Kane does not approve of treating debiliisted and exanguinated sufferers from the task. We may not be as successful as beneffing optum habit by the method of sudden deprivate was with Camille Jordan, who extre armed then. The trial is as much as a reduct and | enp-a-ple with the principles of Locke. ever the sed Goddess of Reauty, our belowed stances should a person once cured of the astonished that I am able to say anything."

or for any complaint, except when life can be

saved in no other way. Touching chloral, whose habitual use is certainly far less perpicious than that of morphine, Dr. Kane reminds us that its consumption is attended with one poculiar danger, t which opium takers are rarely exposed. He has in view not only the liability to death from an overdose, but the fatal results which sometimes follow a dose previously taken with safety. Medical literature records many cases of this kind, together with instances where the patient was only saved from death by the timely arrival and vigorous exertions of a physician.

The Life and Times of Madame de Stael. The light lately thrown on the persons and events of the revolutionary and imperial epochs by the memoirs of Metternich and Mme. de Hémusat is now supplemented by a new and exhaustive Hingraphy of Madame de Stael by Ann. Stevens (Harper's). Sketches of the nain incidents in the private life or social and iterary career of this remarkable woman, and critical estimates of her influence on French public opinion and of her place in literature, have, of course, been plentiful enough. The published memoirs and correspondence of her contemporaries are full of respectful, sympahetic, or spiteful allusions to Necker's daughter and Napoleon's enemy, while almost every French critic, from Chenler to Sainte-Beuve, has tried his hand upon the author of "Corinne," All these scattered notes and comments have offered abundant materials for an adequate biography, but no such work has higherto been xecuted by a French hand. No doubt the subsect is a thorny one, and would call for not a little dexterity on the part of a French writer to avoid offending, on the one hand, the Bonapartists or the Radicals, or, on the other, Mme. d. Stael's descendant, the Duc de Broglie, and the Oriennists generally, who are still powerful in the Academy. It would seem that, provision ally at least, the task of studying Mine, de-Stacl's life in relation to her times might be best performed by a foreign author, free from political, social, or literary jeniousies and offiliations, and who should possess, besides indisputable literary skill, a minute and comprehensive acquaintance with the epoch under review. That Dr. Stevens has these qualifications will be obvious to the reader of these volumes; he has given us not only an interest. ing but a valuable book, which, regarded merely as a mosaic, would deserve high praise for the scope and vigilance of his researches, as we as the felicitous selection and arrangement of the matter. It is something more, however, than an eclectic miscellany and artistic amaigam of existing publications. Not a few of the details relating to Mme. de Staël's private life seem to have been obtained at first hand from personal friends of the family, or from an unpublished manuscript of M. Pictet de Sergy who was an habitual guest at Coppet from the time of Necker down to the death of his distinguished daughter. About one-tenth of the contents of these volumes may be described as the fruit of original investigation, while as regards the remaining nine-tenths of the author's data it may be said that they have never before

been presented in consecutive form, The sketches in the cyclopædias have made every reader familiar with the birth-place parentage, and salient features in the life of Anne Louise Necker, and we would merel note here and there such incidents as brought her in contact with distinguished or interesting persons, or which have an historical rather than biographical significance. We need not, therefore take up the thread of the subject's life until her marriage in 1785, at the age of 26 to the Baron de Staël, then Swedish Ambassador to France. We may express, however, one reflection, which will at once suggest itself to those who follow Dr. Stevens's account of Mile, Necker's youth, viz., that while her talents were, in an emphatic and exceptional sense bereditary, they were very near being spoiled by a grossly misdirected education. Necker seems to have allowed his wife iGibbon's first love, Susannah Curchod) to control his daughter's studies, after what may fairly enough be termed a Chinese system, with a cast-iron regularity of system, and an inordinate reliance on the memory, developed at the expense of the imagination and the power of independent reasoning. Mme, Necker seems to have been a model of what in the last century was deemed an accomplished woman; that is t mixture of chloral morphine, and bromide of any she had a vast stock of information, got by role, and a multitude of sententious judgment tients suffering from insomnia. The truth is | and ready-made syllogisms, all sound and edifying enough, providing you never dreamed of questioning their premises. Being a thoroughly good and affectionate woman, she ac-There are certain specific dangers attending quired an influence over her husband and the use of morphia by the hypodermic syrings. daughter due, apparently, much more to her that deserve careful attention. One is the pro-character than to her intellect, and but for the interference of a physician she would have jecting, to unclean needles or syringes, to a | done irremediable harm to her daughter's mind by her absurd regulations. As it was, the faculty of concentration never seems to have recovered the strain put on it in early youth. and in after years Mone, do Stall's mustery of new science or philosophy would be gained rather by short flights and swift intuitions than

by prolonged attention. How keen and securate these infultions sometimes were may be illustrated by an anecdote, first related, we believe, by Mr. George Ticknor, and which describes Mme, de Stall's interview with Pichte. After talking a little while she said: " Now, M. Pichte, will you be so kind as to give me. in fifteen minutes or so, a sort of idea of your system, so that I may know clearly what you mean by your 10th, your 10th, for I am entirely in the dark about 127. The notion of explaining in a quarter of an hour to a person in total darkness a system which Fights and been all his lifetime evolving from a single principle within himself, and spinning, so to speak, from his own bowels till its web embraced the universe, was naturally shocking to the great idealist's dignity. However, being much pressed, he began in rather bul French to do the best he could. But he had not gone on more than ten minutes, be fore Mme, de Stad interrupted him with a An it is sufficient: I comprehend you per amplified by a story in Munchappen's travels. At this Fighte looked like a crushed trage dian, and the faces of the rest of the ompany became prefernaturally grave. Mine, de Stadl heedel none of them, but "You see when Munchausen went on: arrived once on the banks of a vast river where there was neither bridge nor ferry, or even a ir beat or raft, he was at first quite confound ed, quite in despair, until at last, his with coming to his assistance, buttook a good hold of his own coat sleeve and proped himself over to the ther side. Now, Mr. Fighte, this is, I take it, just what you have done with your ich, your mon, is it not?" There was so much truth in this, and so much wit, that of course the effect was irresistible on all but Fighte himself, who, we are told, never forgave Mms, de Stael for her art exposition of the subjective philosophy. Fow things are more interesting than the chapter in which the author recounts. Mme, de-Staff's experiences at Weimar, and the interviews in which she conferred with Goethe as one potentate with another. It appears that the court circle, though curious to see the most eminent liferary woman of the age, anticipated udice. Schiller wrote to Goothe, who just then

visit, but to have to explain our religion and contond with French volubility may be a hard the other hand, that a patient is liable to fre- | was smitten dumb." After her arrival Schiller apparition, such a spirit, placed on the summit ne Louvre, and I glenost sank down of abstinence. Dr Kane, however, is perempt the German nature, and uspecially with mine. as I entered the magnificent hall, where the tory in his averment that under no circum- She dispels from me all poetry, and I am issived Mile, stands on her pedestal. At her I morphine craving begiven onistes in any form a later letter ha showed a keen sourcedation of

her merits, no less than of her shortcomall that we call philosophy. that is to say, on subjects of the very highest character, I am in opposition to her. and maintain this antagonism in spite of her eloquence. But with her nature and sentiment are paramount to all metaphysics, and elevate her spirit even to genius itself; wishing to explain all, to comprehend all, to measure all, she admits nothing to be impenetrable, and whatever the light of reason cannot make clear does not exist for her." Hence, Schiller thought, arose her insurmountable aversion for the idealistic philosophy; she saw in it only the oad to mysticism and superstition. He went on to say that "the poetic spirit was wanting in her entirely. She can appreciate in postical works only their passion and eloquence. She never approves what is false, but cannot always appreciate what is true." Goethe rather dreaded Mme, de Stacl's conversational powers, and the misgivings of his vanity lad him to stay away as long as possible from Weimar. The Duke had at last to order him to appear at court in order to meet her. She was impressed by the greatness of his genius though she disliked his cool skepticism, and mistook his philosophic self-control for decay of the passionate arder of his early work. Some of her comments upon Goetho are exceedingly acute, and have furnished the key note to a host of critics. For instance," his imagination is struck by external objects, as was that of the classic artists, and nevertheless his reason has the maturity of modern times-And again, "one would say that he describes only as a painter, that he values more the pictures which he presents him a spectator." Here too she suggests a text which has been often amplified. "His mind is universal, and impartial because it is universal, and there is no indifference in his impartiality. His is a double existence, a double force, a double light, which illuminates at the same time both sides of a question." thought be concentrated in himself the principal traits of German genius-profundity of ideas, grace born of the imagination, and therefore more original than that which is inspired by the spirit of society, and finally sensibility, cometimes fantastic, but on that very account he more interesting to readers who seek to books something to vary their monotonous existence, and who would have poetry stand for

fold charm of his cenius and character. On one occasion, in the salon of the Duchess of Weimar, she defended the French conception of classic tragedy against the German theory of dramatic treatment, illustrated in Schiller's "To defeat him," she says, "I used at plays. first the customary French arms, vivacity and pleasantry; but very soon I unravelled from the obstacles of his French sentences so many ideas. I was so struck by the simplicity of his character, I found him so modest, so impartially indifferent about his own success in the contest, so proud and animated in the defence of what he believed the truth, that I felt for him from this moment a friendship full of admiration. He was," she tells us, "a man of rare genius and

If she recognized in Goethe the greater in-

ellect, she admired Schiller more for the two-

them in the place of real events.

of perfect good faith, two qualities which ought to be inseparable in a man of letters; for thought can be placed on a footing of equality with action only when it awakens in us the image of the truth, and falsehood is more disgusting in writings than in conduct." And again, "Con science was Schiller's muse. Nothing could make him alter his writings, because his writings were himself; they expressed his soul, and he could not conceive the possibility of changing an expression if the interior sentiment which it conveyed had not changed. It is," she adds, "a beautiful thing, this innocence in

genius, this candor in strength." Mme, de Stadt found Wieland especially agreeable. His French characteristics pleased er national prejudices, though she could see that they were critically objectionable, for she had the good rense to approve the aim of the Weimar coterio at originality, at a purely national literature. She pronounced Wieland the only German who had written in the French manner with real gentus. In his prose works she deemed him infinitely better informed than the philosopher of Ferney. She considered that Goethe and Schiller, who simed to exclude foreign influence from German literature, had been unjust toward Wieland. She pointed out that the latter had made antiquity contribute special charms to modern letters, and had given in verse to his fruitful, but previously rude, anguage a musical and graceful flexibility. The three months which Mme, do Stack spent at Weimar in the society of these distinguished conssure of a brilliant court, she regretted the absence of eminent men of letters. As a rule, she distiked small cities, deeming them restrictive of talent and mere fori of gossip and small "But Weimar," she says, "is not a little city; it is a grand chilicau, where a chosen irele entertains itself with every new producion of the arts: where women, amiable disciples of great men, are constantly occupied with literary works, as if they constituted important public avents. There people gather the whole world around them by reading and study, and escape, by their range of thought, from the limitations of their circumstances One sees there none of those petty tendencies

which characterize provincial life and substitute affection for elegance." At Berlin began Mme, de Staël's intimate Interdablip with A. W. Schiegel, who subsequently was the instructor for many years of her chil dren, receiving a salary of 12,000 franca. Besides being an exact classical scholar, he was familiar with all the literatures of medieval and modern Europe, and in every department of his multifactions knowledge he was a high if not indisputable, authority. As a linguist he was of the first order, and one of the very earliest pioneers in Sanscrit and Indo-European studies. He was also a poet of considerable merit. With his vast acquisitions he combined the insight and some of the infirmities of genius; he could be malicious, and in his old age he was vain and even pedantic. He was within a superior talker, and Mine, de Shell, who liked a rival in this brilliant faculty, was irresistibly attracted to him as she had ever Leen to Benjamin Constant, who, next to her, was accounted the best talker of his day in France. Writing of Coppet and the society assembled there in 1804, a society which included Schlegel, Constant, Sismondi, and Müller the histocan, Bonstetten wrote, after massing a day at the Neeker charanu: "I feel fatigued as by a surfeit of intellect, There is more mind expended at Coppet in a day than in many countries in a year. But I am half dead." It seems that in the course of conversation Müller had crushed the two skepties. Constant and Schlegel, under the tremendous weight of his crudiion. Schlegel had denied at table the personality of Moses and Homer, as well as of Ossian. Muller responded by a reductio ad absurdam. declaring that he would some day take the penand demonstrate in a learned work that Charlemagne never existed. Thereupon he gave his auditors an analysis of the first two Books of Moses, chapter by chapter, which imposed silence on Schlewel and Constant. They dared not open their mouths again, while Sis mond), for his part, was quite stunned, and confessed to Bonstetten that all the rest seemed steeped in clownish ignorance. Mme, do Staol. with whom sentiment was infinitely superior to erudition, heartily appreciated Muller, who combined both. "His boundless learning," she wrote; "instead of impairing his natural vivaeity, supplies the ground from which his imagination takes its flight, and the living tenth of his pictures is founded in their scrupulous fidelity. He is, indeed," she continues, "a man of incredible knowledge, and his powers, in this respect, really starm us. One cannot conceive how the head of man can contain such a world of facts and dates. Tho 6,000 years known to us are all perfectly arranged in his memory." And There is not a village of Switzerland.

somebody demanded of him the series of the overeign Counts of Bugey. He named them instantly, save that he could not recall whether one of them had been merely Regent or had reigned by title, and he seriously reproached himself for such a failure of memory." Mme. de Staël does not fall to point out that men of genius among the ancients were not subject to this immense labor of learning, which augments as time goes on. She thought we ought to respect the formidable toil now requisite for the mastery of almost any subject, and considered that the death of such a man as Moller would be an irreparable loss. Something more than a man, a living library, seems to perish when such faculties are extinguished. Mme, de Staël had known Talleyrand before

behalf in the Convention. Subsequently, through her influence with Barras, she obtained Talleyrand's appointment to the Department of Foreign Affairs under the Directory. and thus enabled him to resume the remarkable public career which identified him for so many years with the history of Europe. In this case, as in most others. Talleyrand proved ungrateful, and when his benefactress had incurred the vindictive animosity of Napoleon, declined to intercede for her with his master, although she repeatedly besought him to obtain for her permission to reside in Paris, or at least the payment of the 2,000,000 francs which har father Necker had lent to the treasury during his ministry. She avenged herself by painting her old but treacherous friend under the traits of Mme, de Vernon, one of the most obnoxious figures in her story of "Delphine." The "faminine Machiavellism, the supreme yet indolent egotism, the cool, systematic dissimulation and passionless dissipation," depicted in that character have fastened it forever on the unprincipled statesman. The likeness was immediately recognized by Talleyrand himself, and led to one of his notable bons mots.
"In her romance," he said, alluding to the virile character of her mind. "she has disguised us both as women-herself and me." Like most egotists, Talleyrand disliked talent in women. as placing them too much on an equality with men, that is to say, with himself. He could never forgive Mme. de Staël for baving proved herself his superior in conversation, and even in repartee. It appears that other real persons have been traced in some of the characters portrayed by Mme, de Stael in "Delphine," 'Mme, de Cerlebe," for instance, has been supposed to represent her cousin, Mme. Necker de Saussure, and "M. de Sebensei," Benjamin Constant. The name "Delphine" is thus accounted for. While writing the book the author had occasion to present a petition to Napoleon, then First Consul, and went to s villa whither he frequently resorted. She was alone in one of the rooms when he arrived, accompanied by the Consular court of brilliant young women. The latter, knowing their master's growing hostility toward Mme. de Stael. passed, without noticing her, to the other end of the room, leaving her entirely alone. She was thus placed in quarantine, and her position was becoming extremely painful when a young lady more coarageous and more compassionate than her companions, crossed the room and took a seat by her side. Mme, de Staël was touched by this kindness, and, in the course of the conversation, asked for her Christian name. "Del-phine," she responded. "Ah, I will try to imnortalize it!" exclaimed Mune. de Staël; and she kept her word.

It is in connection with his treatment of Mme de Stael that the sham Corsican Casar suffers most by comparison with his Roman prototype. She instinctively detected the supreme egotism and despotism of Napoleon's policy, and, in the face of persistent persecution and great suffering, she was loyal to the liberties of her country and the convictions of her conscience. Whatever may be said of the frequent and irrepressible outcries wrung from her by injuries and insults perpetrated, not only upon herself, but upon her children and upon her friends, it must be icknowledged that the spectacle of her unwaver ing attitude in the prolonged contest between the greatest soldier and greatest female author of theage is one of which the literary world has reason to be proud. Hard and long as the struggle was, her will maintained its ascendance, and her faculties actually strongthened and flowered amid her desciation. Years afterward, her oppressor, when she was emancipated and the titol of intellectual Europe, and he himself immured on St. Helena, read the works she had composed in exile, while hunted from one place of refuge to another, and, though affecting to depreciate them, and uttering self-refuted libels on her character, was constrained to own that "no one can deny that men were among the most enjoyable of her life, | she is a woman of great talent, of extraordinary

The flattering attentions with which Bona-

parte at first endeavored to obtain her good will

could not deceive her penetrating insight. Her

genius seems to have been, in this case, positive ly clairvoyant, for she unquestionably divined the true nature of the man, which has since been disclosed to us by Mme, de Rémusar. She instinctively comprehended that his morbid, preposterous vanity, which has very seldom co existed with equally great ability, rendered it mpossible for all self-respecting individuals to maintain intimate relations with him without abject self-abnegation. "When I was a little relieved from the embarrassment of my admiration." says Mme. de Stael, speaking of their first interview, "a singuiar sen-timent of fear seized me," Far from being resssured by aubsequent acquaintance with him, "I only became," she says, "the more intimidated. I saw that no emotion of the heart could act upon him. A human being was to him but a fact, like any other fact, important only so far as he could use it. The force of his will consisted in the imperturbable calculations of his egotism. Every time I heard him speak I was struck with his intellectual superiority; but meanwhile, nothing could lessen my repugnance to the moral vacuum I perceived in him, and never could the difficulty of breathing in his presence be relieved." The ender will, of course, be struck by the astonishing identity of these intuitions with the conclusions to which Mme. de Rémusat was led by long and intimate relations with the family and court of Benaparte. Mme. de Stael, who could thus discern his fundamental faults, was, of course, alive to the paltry weaknesses of the great man, and observed that" his manner in society was constrained without being timid; it had something discannful when reserved, and vulgar when at ease." Expecting on one occasion to meet him. and fearing that he might address to her some of those rude expressions with which he took pleasure in disconcerting ladies, she wrote down a number of tart and poignant replies to what he might have to say. The precaution, she tells us, turned out to be unnecessary for he only addressed to her the most commonplace questions. She was less fortunate on another occasion, if we may believe Napoleon himself, whose word, however, Dr. Stevens discredits in this instance. In attempting at St. Helena to make her ridiculous to Las Cases, Napoleon told the latter that prompted by her vanity, and expecting a flatturing answer, she once asked him whom he considered the greatest woman in the world, living or dead. "Her, madame," Napoleon re-plied, "who has borne the most children." She was disconcerted, and remarked that he was 'reported not to be a great admirer of the fair sex," "I am very fond of my wife," he replied and abruptly turned away. Napoleon in in this conversation with Las Cases, that Maie, do Stall was in love with him. Our author considers that this piquant story bears on its face the marks of falsehood. It is certain that the celebrated Sophie Gay, a friend of Mme, de Stael, was less timid before him, and repelled his cynicism by her ready repartes. In passing near the young authoress. Bonaparte addressed her roughly, and with the earle glance before which most women cowered: "Madame, my sister has doubtless told you that I do not like intellectual women." "Yes, sire," she rejoined, not at all dismayed. "but I did not believe her." The not a noble family, the history of which he does not know. One day, in consequence of a bet

Emperor was surprised, and tried again: You write, do you not? What have you pro fuced since you have been in this country?" Three children, sire," was the reply.

A chapter of this book, which should not be

overlooked, is devoted to an account of Mme. de Stael's literary composition. It appears that she usually premeditated her subject a considerable time before writing, though, considering the claims of hospitality and her love of society, we can see that this must have been done in a casual way. Having once designed its outlines, she wrote out an ample sketch "without," to cite her own words, "retracing her steps or interrupting the course of her thoughts except or necessary researches." This first composiion she transcribed entirely with her own hand, carefully modifying her ideas, and often he had been compelled to fly from Paris and take refuge in America. After the Terror she classifying them anew, but giving no attention whatever to the correction of her style opened the way for his return by inducing Her transcript, with its emendations, Chenier, the poet, to deliver a speech on his then copied by her secretary and it was on this copy, but more frequently on the printed proofs, that she labored to perfect her diction. As with most superior writers, her proofs were a terror to the printers. Our author points out, however, that she often allowed verbal defects to escape her eye, being more intent on transmitting the delicate lights and shades of her thoughts and emotions than on the mechanical niceties of style. She was in no haste to publish; leisure for reviewing, as well as her quick and accurate ineight, com-pensated, therefore, in a large degree, for her fervid haste and habitual interruptions in composition. Her manuscript works were, as the author of these volumes shows us read and discussed in her literary circle, which was, of course, an inestimable advantage

From her youth we are told, she had cultivated the generous habit of "accepting interruptions with gayety." As Necker had dissuaded his wife from composition because he did not like to interrupt her on entering her study, his daughter, who wished not to draw on herself such a prohibition, "had accustomed herself to write, if we may so say, on the wing, and her father, seeing her always erect or leaning against an angle of the chimney, could not magine that he was interrupting a serious labor." She so much respected this weakness of Necker that not till long after she lost him did she have in her chamber the least permanent provision for writing. Not till she was compelled to live in retreat at Coppet did she recognize the importance of method in her life. I see," she said, at this epoch. "that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things." She was never willing, however, to become the slave of any system, and, sithough in her later years the morning was devoted to literary labor, the rest of the day was still to literary labor, the rest of the day was still given to society and correspondence. Though she worked hard and long in revising her works before publishing them, she never liked to recur to them after they had once been before the public. "I believe," says Mme. Necser desaussure, "that, with the exception of 'Delphine'-respecting the moral effect of whien the crities had disturbed her mindahe never reread her own books. She thought so little about them as to forget them all successively. If we recited to her a particular phrase from any of them she was astonished, and rejoined, 'Did I indeed write that? I am charmed by it; it is marveliously well expressed." She seldom replied to criticisms on her works, a forbearance which our author attributes to her reluctance to return to old ideas, to work which had been once completed. Never seemingly, has an author cared less for what the arbiters of public opinion might say of her; nor has any one been less intoxicated by success. In a word, she was singularly free from fretful vanity, though far from deficient in a serene pride, being in this respect the precise

converse of Bonaparte. It seems to us that in these volumes, attesting as they do a notable combination of insight, industry, and sympathy, Dr. Stevens has reared the first adequate monument to one whom we must regard as, on the whole, the greatest woman of modern times. In respect faculty of artistic composition, she has been more than equalled by George Sand, and signally surpassed in our own day by George Eliot. But Mme, de Staël was a social as well as a literary force, and in her, to our retrospective glance, the unflinching patriot has to a large extent eclipsed the woman of letters. The sleepless enmity of Bonaparte is a supreme tribute to her importance as a fountain of ideas, and a dictator of opinion. "She carries," he said. "a quiver-ful of arrows that would hit a man were he seated on a rainbow," and he denonneed Coppet as an arsenal whence muni-* were sent forth against him all over Europe, "This woman," says Lamartine, "was the last of the Romans under this Cresar, who dared not destroy her and could not abase her."

e may add that Bonsparte's attempts to wreak his spite upon her were as impotent as they were despicable, for the compulsory absence of Mme, de Stael from the capital of France was of itself an eloquent suggestion-

As Cm-ar a page int, where of Brutus' be but of Home's great son remaind by м. ж. н.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

Conts Shorter-Trousers Tighter-Vests High -The New Colors. The tables of tailors are laden with the newest goods, and the mandate has gone forth that there is to be an approach to more plainness of style. Nothing that may be called loud is to be tolerated. As to materials in imported goods, English and Scotch suitings are to be plentiful. The intest samples show great varieties of Mettons, woodens, Scotch chevoits basket goods, and diagonals. Meltons are in all

goods from which to choose. The colors are to be generally more sombre, and certainly not so pronounced as heretofore. Among the mixed goods are some red and black, and with the novelties may be seen what is called an olive green. The green is a delicate shade, and barely distinguishable, and not

colors, and there are many styles of mixed

enough to offend the most stanch Tory. In regard to snapes there is to be a wide margin to suit the most varied tastes. Tailors acree that there is at present a good deal of individual sovereignty in dress. A man with thin legs will not usually hold himself up to ridicula by wearing the old-fashioned tight pantaloons hey used to call "gun covers." Fashions are ecoming more and more einstie, and the time has gone by When any fashion plate will be made an tron rate for men. Single-breasted cutsways are to be worn, with an occasional bree or four buiton entaway where the wearer rebels against one button only. In apring overats the prevailing style is loose, light ned up high, with a tendency to reli over the collars so as to show the sik lining and give a stylish appearance. Prince Albert coats are to be a leading feature, buttoned up high in the neek. The vest will be high, without collar. Someof the young fellows shown disposition to robel against the Prince Albert coats as better fitted for more ederly persons. Costs for business sufficient to be made with small rolling colling so the first to a great extent. Treasures are to be went rather close flitting to the form of the legs, the becomes small and slanely. Funns men who appreticled the fashion favor ignit rensers. The tightness will not however, be carried to an extreme.

An extreme.

Talors say that a custom is rapidly spreading among fushionable men to leave orders for defining with increase general instructions to make it up according to the intest style. This leaves it to the culter's critical resident of the special lastes of ing custom in the resident of the special lastes of ing custom in the modify the style to subject t

Besides the clive group referred to there are mong the novel colors blue and olive mixed, rown and clive, and other novel combinations I shades. Business suits for summer wear are THE GROWTH OF COMIC ART.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Days when Artists were Senree in New 1 Fifty years ago there was within tha boundaries of New York city no such entity as a comic artist. The only representative of the comic element in the pictorial line, as far as the public was interested, was Elton, the book seller, who issued an aimenac exhibiting in the rudest style exaggerated African dandles and swallowtailed, striped-trousered Yankees. These were the only evidences of a humorous design on the part of such as could wield a pencil. Behind the counter of Eiton's shop in Division street officiated as shop boy and clerk Thomas W. Strong, who afterward became conspicuous in that province of publication as the publisher of the monthly illustrated periodical Yankee Notions. The little shop in Division street was, in fact, the fountain head and starting point of comic design and caricature, not only in New York city, but throughout the United States. At the time we refer to, half a century ago, there was no such thing known here as humorous book illustrations, and it was in that direction that the writer made his search for a comic artist. There was then but one person known in the country as a carleaturist or humorous designer, D. C. Johnston, who published annually an almanas containing pictorial hits at the times. Among others a prominent theme was phrenology, just rising to notice and attracting attention by the presence here of its leading apostle, Spurzheim,

The "Pickwick Papers," published in month.

ly numbers, in 1836-7, in Lendon, induced a

New York printer, James Turney, to reproduce

the work in the same form, with copies of the

original illustrations. These, as may be sup-

posed, were not finished works of art. The en-

gravers were Himan & Pilbury, Englishmen. The success of Mr. Turney's venture was as great that he was able to sustain the enterprise great that he was able to sustain the enterprise without other capital than the immediate current sales. Encouraged by this success, the printer was induced to try his hand on a similar American issue, and he accordingly engaged in the publication of a mouthly serial, consisting of various local sketches, to be accompanied with numerous illustrations. Himan, the engraver, now appeared in the character of an arists, and furnished a number of sketches, radely done, but the first of their kind presented to the American public. Among these was an illustrated border for the paper cover of the numbers, me principal feature of which, as the supporting framework of the vienette, was a staked industration in 1888, and it is a somewhat curious circumstance that the poet Longwhat curious circumstance that the poet fellow has within the last year expressed h prise that this peculiar growth of the c has not been employed as a national emilled in art productions. Its first use as an illustra-tion was in the book of sketches. The Mote-llook, issued, as has been described, in 128, From this book Wm. F. Burton transferged as had a smack of carrecture and humor in the defineation of the characters introduced.

In a second enterprise in which the wrier was interested in 1841), a novel of New York ite. "Puffer Hackins, or the Career of a Politician," a turther quest was bad for a comic designer. In the course of that search there was discovered in Bayard street, off the Bower, in a residual conformation with a residual conformation of the course of the search of the sea discovered in Bayard street, off the Bowers in a russy parior, with a russy parior, with a russy parior of a work issued in numbers in London as an initiation or constructly as the fillustrator of a work issued in numbers in London as an initiation or constructly as the fillustrator of a work issued in numbers in London as an initiation or constructly as the popular story writer, G. W. M. Reynolds, and appeared under the tile of "Pickwick Abroad," just on the heets of "The Pickwick Papers." The greensy portfolio wheat Mr. Phillips opened to the present writer's inspection was not encouraging, and looking elsewhere he obtained from Wim. H. Powell, at that time a fashionable painter of portraits, and since famous as the painter of the De Soto-Mississippi's Rotunda picture at Washington-a sketch as an oraning iliustration to the nowleading about the same qualities as have been ascribed to the previous picture by William Page.

Seeking something more decided and more to the purcesse, negotiations were opened with "Phiz" (H. K. Bowne) of London, them at his zenith as a principal iliustrator of secessive works of Charles Dickens, By arrangment the MS, from which to make his designs was sent to him by muil, and in return was received a sufficient number of impressions from the thin plates (etchings on steel) for the editing of the work published by the Appletons. These were colored with the plate (etchings on tend for the charactories.

enough, the goatistican who "did" the himogous Hastralians for the new weekly was as Englishman, Charles Martin, a son of the some bre artist who flustrated Mittor's "Paradas Lost," slaw the Bible, and from elections as Beisheller Martin. The cluster of which ast pictures he was generally known as Beisheller Martin. The cluster this of the younger Martin. The cluster this of the younger Martin. Were nest and elegant, rather than to carrain termine. What was wanting in these respects was surplied at times by Famil Reid, an elegant artist, and there is a page to port in the Herald of the Lamous" Boards given to Mr. Buthers at the old Park Locate, on his first visit to take country, in 1812. The post fade cards and trade signs for a closure, but her a first visit to take country in 1812. The next venture in the direction of come work was the issue, some thirty years ago of lanks Actions, a monthly magnature publisher, in Division street. This propert of Mr. strong secured so much successitual he was able to a high Dog," and a cut of a cooking slove to fill in

PINS, PAST AND PRESENT.

Each Woman's Tenely Allowance - Facts about the Manufacture.

To the young lady whose intricate overskirt is held in innumerable fields by mally pink, it may seem a hardship that her yearly allowmore of pans is only about 140. Such however, is the case with each individual in the United States on an equitable division of the plasyearly sold in this country. But the Indians in the West are not supposed to use their full allowance, and collar buttons have so far doss away with the use of jone by mentenengers erally that the young indy may perhaps proherself with some one else's abowance pins used in the United States are noted ? fourteen factories, somewhat a caterofaction annual production for several vects and his been about 7,000,000,000,000.